

- INVOCATION -



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- FOREWORD -

Invocation is a politically incorrect, anti-humanist propaganda project focused primarily on gathering important texts relating to the individualist tendencies of Eco-Extremism and Nihilist-Terrorism and reproducing them here in a discrete and easy-to-copy format to further facilitate their access to those individuals interested in these topics. Most of the texts selected for this series were collected from various websites, some of which are listed at the end of this introduction.

In this first issue of Invocation, several texts which reflect upon the concepts of "Rewilding" and Domestication have been chosen (concepts which are all too often viewed through the dualistic lens of a Hyper-Civilized binary logic). These texts, each with their own sharp nihilistic prose, thrust their analyses forward like daggers into the heart of humanistic, civilized reasoning, stepping into the negating void of Total Nihil and the Pagan Occult, far beyond the socially and ethically reified constraints of the "anarcho-primitivist" herd and many others who boast of some apparently differing yet undeniably progressivist and anthropocentric "anti-civilization" posture.

- Wudwas Editions

- LINKS -

[Take note that these websites are often moved, deleted and so on. In any case they are best viewed using TOR browser and live-booting operating system such as TAILS]

maldicioneoextremista.altervista.org
regresando.altervista.org
atassa.wordpress.com
mikoew.wordpress.com
onthenamless.wordpress.com

- CONFRONTING YOUR OWN DOMESTICATION AND “REWILDING” -

“May I ask how you confront your own domestication?”

I was asked this question a while back by someone that I have crossed paths with and from the outset it has always struck me as an odd question. It seems to be all the rage among anarcho-primitivist circles to talk about “rewilding” oneself, “confronting one’s own domestication,” reclaiming one’s own “wildness,” and on and on and on. These same people set out on extended camping trips with a few of their buddies to rough it on the back acres of some ranch building primitive shelters, hunting and prepping with primitive weapons and tools and generally kindling fires of the little homunculus of the “IR hunter/gatherer” in their heart. Now, I can’t say that I oppose people going out on extended camping trips, learning primitive skills, getting more deeply in touch with the land that they inhabit, or whatever. I spend a large part of my days, every day lately, walking through the forests near my house and in doing so have come to know the several hundred acres that comprise the nearby park intimately in the time that I’ve lived here. So I can’t be and am not one to cast judgement in that regard. What I do take issue with are the delusions about what it would even mean to “rewild,” to reclaim the life-world of primitive peoples (we can’t, full stop) and the correlative tendency among the “rewilding” crowd too fall too deeply into “LARPing primitive” and in doing so forgetting who and where one actually is.

My response to this question when it was posed to me was essentially, “I don’t.” I did not mean this in a passive sense of simply doing nothing, for even my writing is in some small way an attempt to deal with where and what I am, my own domestication and the world which I feel in my heart that I am so deeply opposed to. I meant this “non-doing” more in the sense of accepting who and what one is, where and when one exists on the wheels of time rather than fighting the reality of one’s circumstances by falling into delusions of rekindling or even recreating that unimaginably complex life and world of the primitive. Man does not and could not exist in a vacuum. He is always turned outside himself, is always a part and product of a time and place. And the primitive was as much a part and product of his world as the modern man is a part and product of his. Who were the Niitsitapi but an extension of the great plains, the thunderstorm over the rolling hills, and the buffalo? In Atassa’s recent translation of the editorial of *Regresión Magazine* No. 7 this sentiment was expressed in the grieving of a Sioux chief:

“Soon the sun will rise and will no longer see us here, and the dust and our bones will mix on the plains. As in a vision, I see the flame of the bonfires of the great councils die, and the ashes grow white and cold. I no longer see the spirals of smoke rise from our tents. I don’t hear the songs of the women as they prepare the food. The antelope are gone, the lands of the buffalo are empty. Only the howl of the coyote is heard now. The white man’s medicine is stronger than ours. His iron horse now runs on the paths of the

buffalo. The whispering spirit (telephone) speaks to us now. We are like birds with broken wings. My heart is frozen. My eyes extinguish."

The Sioux, and so many countless other peoples witnessed the death of themselves and the death of their world, and this is one and the same. If one wants to talk about "rewilding" in the anarcho-primitivist sense it cannot be honestly talked about without recognizing that the human being is always located in time and space and is always inextricably tied to that time and space. He can often venture beyond it in the abstract but this is a dream world, and all dreams must come to an end. He must come back to the present, for it is the only reality that he has. The past is always gone and done and the future is the airy nothing of speculation. Only the here and the now have reality. And if this is true then the anarcho-primitivist project of "rewilding," "reclaiming one's wildness," or "confronting one's domestication" is at best a hackneyed attempt to recreate a kind of idealized theater of dead worlds, delusions, daydreams, nonsense. The anarcho-primitivist will raise the ghosts of the great buffalo, bring life back to the bones of the antelope, bring life back to the ashes of the sacred fires of the Sioux. The Kingdom of the Paleolithic risen again. But this is, of course, a dream. The buffalo have long since returned to The Great Spirit, as have the bones of the antelope. The ashes of the sacred fires were long ago taken by the wind, and even the Sioux themselves have become a people of history.

To talk of "rewilding" and its corollaries in the anarcho-primitivist sense, then, is to talk of nonsense. It is not confront the world as it is. It is to escape into dream worlds where the great webs of the earth have not been ravaged by this civilization. If one is to see with clear eyes, one would have to recognize and accept what we are, which will also entail coming to terms with where and when we are. It would mean to recognize and accept that almost every person that exists today is a part and a product of this monstrous techno-industrial civilization which has and continues to spread its choking tendrils across the face of the earth. Domestication is inscribed in our flesh and we live in the ecological wasteland of modernity. It would mean to recognize that the great worlds of the past are dead and that there is no going back to them, nor is there any realistic prospect of them arising again within mine or any reader's lifetime. As Jeffers notes in *The Stars Go Over the Lonely Ocean* "*The world is in a bad way, my man / And bound to be worse before it mends.*" What we have, and all that we have, is this decadent present in all its monstrousness, the continuing, relentless march of the Leviathan over all that is wild and beautiful. It would mean to accept this present with honesty and respond to that present accordingly, in a way which is in accord with the present. Without entertaining dreams and delusions of a brighter tomorrow when the primitive utopia will have been realized.

Of course, such a stance isn't the "rewilding" of John Zerzan, Kevin Tucker, and the rest of the anarcho-primitivist underlings. This is the spirit of eco-extremism, its clear-eyed

nihilism, its savage attack in this decadent present. From the Seventh Communiqué of ITS:

“The wild can wait no longer. Civilization expands indiscriminately at the cost of all that is natural. We won’t stay twiddling our thumbs, looking on passively as modern man rips the Earth apart in search of minerals, burying her under tons of concrete, or piercing through entire hills to construct tunnels. We are at war with civilization and progress, as well as those who improve or support it with their passivity. Whoever!”

– Sokaksin



- ON NIHILISM AND INDIVIDUALISM -

“My intentions have nothing political or social, I do not understand another objective that my Self and my individuality, are egoist. Here, then, are my relations with the world. I do not do anything for him, for God’s sake, I do nothing for the sake of the humanity but for my own sake. ”

Nowadays it is possible to find several publications, texts, debates and opinions about nihilism and individualism and each one of them have their own different interpretation about what these words or concepts means. Although this text it is destined to a very specific audience, first of all we want to make clear what represent and what not represent these concepts for us.

First we maintain a nihilistic position because we do not believe that there is a specific purpose for our existence more than the one that we give by ourselves. There is no fixed path, there is no universal goal, life has no specific “meaning”, there are no answers for everything.

We come to this world without even choosing it, we are born by a will or force that is alien to us and by external forces and wills we are told how we must live, what rules we have to follow and what should be our role, purpose or goals in our lifetime.

Our nihilistic conception of existence denies all this. We affirm that life, since it is given to us, is a path to death as an inevitable end, that is why we want to take advantage of the time we have as the only thing we really are capable to own if ever we really are able to do so.

We try to live our life as we want, breaking morals, ethics, purposes and rules prefabricated for us by others, we have nothing to prove, we want to live before the inevitable end, here and now, without waiting for anyone or anything, Knowing that there is no hopeful “better tomorrow” and that there is no hell or paradise on earth or in heaven that awaits us in this or any other life. Being aware of this, we are ready to live truly and this implies the rupture and hostility with the existing that imposes on us codes of conduct, values, moralities and norms that are alien to us and prevent us from materializing our desires. Therefore confrontation with the existing world that domesticates and chains the individual egoistic will is inevitable but this is not taken as a martyrdom or condemnation, nor as a “revolutionary” duty if not as a choice of our own that also gives us joy and satisfaction.

We reject and attack society and all that it represents since in it we see materialized all the values, roles, moralities that prevent us from truly living. Also for this reason, we despise those who understand by nihilism to vegetate and do nothing, watching life pass

before their eyes. Just as we dissociate ourselves from the philosophical nihilistic currents of thinkers and intellectuals, philosophy is for philosophers and charlatans, and we are neither the one nor the other. In addition, we are out of the logic of the self-proclaimed “revolutionary nihilists” or “anarcho-nihilists” because our nihilism does not make illusions with “revolutions”, changes, “creating consciousness” and “pushing someone into action through our acts” or other leftist phantoms, Also we don't have any hope in insurrectionary theories or “combative minorities”, all that remains is a dark and difficult present and all we have is what we can do with our hands in the time we have.

Only through negation and nihilistic destruction of the existing can we open new paths to the unknown, to new experiences, to the wild.

In short, for us nihilism is the annihilation, in all forms, of the “good” Christian-humanist values and the violent negation and rejection of the morality of the modern human, society and its progress. That is why we proudly claim to be Nihilist Terrorists, because Nihilist Terrorism is the poison that spreads within the already diseased social body to contaminate and destroy their flesh and spirit, is a misanthropic and indiscriminate attack against the pillars and foundations of society and everything in it.

“My cause is neither divine nor human, it is neither the true, nor the good, nor the fair, nor the free, it is mine, it is not general, but unique, as I am unique. Nothing is above me. ”

On the other hand, as individualists, we oppose the forced collectivism that they are trying to impose on us, especially the mass society. We do not want to share our lives with those we do not choose, neither sacrifice or postpone our individual desires or needs in pursuit of the “good” of the commune, society, collective or any other organism from which we have not chosen to be part. We claim ownership of our lives, our actions and our choices. As individualists we do not adhere to any law or any rules imposed on us by others which we have not even chosen. As individualists we are in an endless war against society and anyone who tries to domesticate our instincts neither we let anyone limits our desires and needs in the name of any common good or what is socially acceptable.

Also, within society we are taught to despise the solitaires, the individualists, thus creating a forced collective identity.

We want to share our experiences, desires and passions with whom we choose, or just with ourselves.

In addition, excessively large groups inevitably lead to forms of organization that restrain and limit individual will, such as the creation of structures and means of control with their ensuing laws, rules and regulations ...

Because if we have to position ourselves in a category, we are sure about which is our place, we are egoist and amoral individualists, cynical criminals, chaotic nihilists, savage eco-extremists, indiscriminate terrorists and criminals And unlike some who live hiding in shame, we are proud of the labels they put us: We are proud to be the terrorists who terrorize their lives, bomb them or execute them by shots or stabs, the uncontrolled that vandalize the metropolis-cemetery, that ignite the nights and the days, that infiltrate in their useless marches and concentrations to turn them into battlefields and break the normality. We are those parasites and the rogues who decide to use our time at our whim by rejecting the filthy work and the most disgusting yet morality of labor since we see no pride in being a wage slave. We are the delinquents who steal the property and wealth that you fall in love with, we steal, cheat, fraud ... we commit a thousands of barbarities far from your morality, your Christian conception of “good” and “evil” because we are not honest citizens or suffering slave-workers who earn their bread with sweat and sacrifice. We are the opposite of good citizens and “honest” people. We are the plague, the poison, the cancer of a world already sick and condemned. We do not have a superior ideal to fight for, nor will we sacrifice ourselves in the name of any revolution or any interest that is not our own. For us, the “good”, the “right” or the “ethical” is everything that helps us fulfill our goals, reports benefits, is useful or provides satisfaction or well-being, and “evil” is all that stands between us and the fulfillment of our desires. We live in a world that collapses, a civilization that reaches its decline. And we want to contribute to its inevitable destruction by doing all the damage we can, with nothing more to gain than the personal satisfaction of our egos and the conquest of an existence of pleasure destroying everything that is harmful to us.

“The world can no longer be saved, the idea of salvation is only a false idea, we must pay our innumerable mistakes, it is too late to repair anything, the hour of reforms has expired, the happiest will die fighting and the most miserable will die in the bottom of the caves or in bonfires, the world will be nothing more than a place of pain where the purest among men will have no choice but to kill each other so as not to despise themselves”

- Fiera



- LESSONS OF THE FIR AND THE GLORY OF THE INHUMAN -

“I cry trying to finish off my domestication, breaking the bonds of useless relationships, launching headlong into a war against civilization and its slaves.”

– I and Afterwards I

In the yard of the house where I live there stands the ancient marrow and weather-worn bones of a great Douglas Fir. Prior to the arrival of the logging industry in this region of the United States in the early 20th century there were vast swaths of old-growth forests along the entire coast. By some estimates, as much as half of the forests at that time consisted of these unimaginably complex, ancient places, the likes of which will probably never be beheld again by human eyes. In these forests the Douglas Fir, Western Red Cedar, Sitka Spruce, Hemlock, and others were the towering giants that loomed over the great life of the under-story, rich in plant and animal life. Many of these forests would have been untold thousands of years old and the trees in them many hundreds or even thousands of years old as well.

Walking through the forests where I live one can still find the faintest echoes of this primal life of the forest in the ancient stumps left over from the early logging rounds. Many of the largest remnants have the characteristic notches cut into their sides from the makeshift scaffolding which allowed loggers to climb high enough up these great trees to be able to find a place where their saws could cut. The Douglas Fir in the yard where I live bears these same scars.

But this piece isn't really about these ancient forests, or really even about the tragedy of what has been lost by their destruction, though it seems to me that it is surely cause for great sadness, among other things. It is mostly a reflection on the personal experience that I have in recognizing, by the presence of that ancient tree, that I too bear the blood of the forest on my hands at the same time as I feel a deep opposition to the world which has spilled the blood of these great places, and how one might understand and respond to this tension from an eco-extremist perspective.

As I noted, that tree testifies to the truth that my own existence is born from out of this civilization, built on the corpses of those beautiful, ancient forests, and on the bodies of the peoples and creatures that lived amidst them. As I noted in the last piece, man is always a part and product of his place. And thus, I am a part and product of this hyper-civilized existence. By virtue of my existence the blood of the world has stained my hands. But at the same time, and in many ways from out of this, comes the manifestation of a tendency which stands firmly against this very hyper-civilized existence, of “Man,” and of his works by which we have been born and shaped as modern, domesticated beings. Thus there can be, for some, this certain “tension” in eco-extremism which

seems insurmountable from the conventional standpoint of humanistic philosophies. After all, to wish death upon all the myriad faces of this civilization is to condemn “Man” and consequently myself to death along with it.

At bottom, this tension or contradiction between the human and inhuman which can be felt when one engages the eco-extremist perspective can only be reconciled through the recognition that the eco-extremist perspective is in many respects a negation, or rejection of the “human,” a concept variously understood by different “members” of the tendency. This is not really an intellectual act of calculating one or the other. And truth be told most of the incomprehensibility of eco-extremism for those on the outside stems from the simple irreconcilable nature of a perspective and value system which places Man at the pinnacle of creation and another which simply refuses to do the same for a number of what I (naturally) take to be good reasons. But this decision is felt in one’s own heart, it is felt in an affinity for the great forests, the mountains, the rivers, and their myriad forms of life. From the noble cedar to the great elk and the coyote. From a love of the greatness and beauty of the inhuman world rather than the human. And so the eco-extremist opposition to the hyper-civilized, to techno-industrial civilization, is simply not about the human. It is not about anyone’s individual self, it is not about humanity, it is a negation of the human in the name of that ineffable glory of the wild earth which has nothing to do with the human being. Eco-extremism is a recognition of the grand beauty of the inhuman and the violent negation of the centrality of the human, since it is the violent reaction against “Man” and his techno-industrial civilization in all of its incarnations. But there is no place in the ranks of the modern, progressive, humanistic world for a perspective which aims at the death of “Man” and all his “glories,” and herein is the root of the cognitive dissonance and outrage of the hyper-civilized masses who find it impossible to conceive of a perspective which is opposed to its sacred abstractions of “progress,” “humanity,” “the citizen,” etc.

Eco-extremism, as I said, takes its perspective from that ineffable glory of the wild earth. In the twenty-eighth communiqué of ITS this complete and utter rejection of any and all humanistic perspectives in the name of that ineffable glory is as clearly expressed as ever:

“We attack, we attack all that has to do with the human being. We don’t care about hurting some “innocent” person or “poor Christian” who found himself in the wrong place at the wrong time. Our hate doesn’t care about rich or poor, man or woman, old or young. Our hate is the same for all humans.

For us there are no good or evil people. The concept of “class struggle” does not move us in the least, and we are not under the spell of Red sentimentalism. We reject the “duty” to be on the side of the people. We will never fight for anyone, all we see is a crowd of hyper-civilized automatons, repulsive automatons...

We continue on without a motive to “love our neighbor.” We only appreciate those who have affinity with us, our blood brothers who form part of the Tendency. How can we love those who are continuing to propagate civilization, those who believe themselves free when the roar of their chains is so deafening? How can we love them?”
– Twenty Eighth Communiqué of the Individualists Tending Toward the Wild

In the light of this perspective the aforementioned “tension” or “contradiction” between the human and the inhuman is completely dissolved through the outright negation of the centrality of the human being. “Man,” “the human,” “the polis” have all been left behind in eco-extremism. Eco-extremism meets the progressive project of a brighter future, a future which will and has always been paid for with the blood of the earth, with a clear-eyed pessimism and the blast of bombs. It meets the self-obsession of the humanist with a howl to the ineffable and a bloodied blade to remind him of his smallness on this earth. All that remains is the ineffable glory. There is no tension between the remnants of one’s own hyper-civilized nature and the violent attack against this entire hyper-civilized existence, for all those idols of the human world have been killed and left to rot in the merciless sun in the ascension to that higher glory within which the human being is, at its best, but one minuscule jewel in Indra’s great net. I will close with the poem Sign-Post by the American poet Robinson Jeffers, one which so beautifully captures this turning outward, away from the human being and onto that immense grandeur and transhuman glory of the earth.

*Civilized, crying: how to be human again; this will tell you how.
Turn outward, love things, not men, turn right away from humanity,
Let that doll lie. Consider if you like how the lilies grow,
Lean on the silent rock until you feel its divinity
Make your veins cold; look at the silent stars, let your eyes
Climb the great ladder out of the pit of yourself and man.
Things are so beautiful, your love will follow your eyes;
Things are the God; you will love God and not in vain,
For what we love, we grow to it, we share its nature. At length
You will look back along the star’s rays and see that even
The poor doll humanity has a place under heaven.
Its qualities repair their mosaic around you, the chips of strength
And sickness; but now you are free, even to be human,
But born of the rock and the air, not of a woman.*

– Sokaksin



- “SAVING THE WORLD” AS THE HIGHEST FORM OF DOMESTICATION -

“Each Apache decides for himself whether or not he fights. We are a free people. We do not force men to fight as the Mexicans do. Forced military service produces slaves, not warriors.”

- “Grandfather”, quoted in, *In the Days of Victorio: Recollections of a Warm Springs Apache*, by Eve Ball and James Kaywaykla

The context of this quote is of interest as it is uttered in a meeting of Apache leaders concerning whether or not they should continue resistance against the invading white man or succumb to the powerful invading force. With hindsight, one could state that such a stance is foolish: had the Apache stood as a “united front” instead of the diverse bands that they had always been, they could have had a shot at victory, or so the reasoning goes. Instead, their inability to adapt their social organization to new conditions led directly to their downfall. In the face of a society of interchangeable citizens constituting a massive unified Leviathan, the Apache continued to be the untame, indomitable people of before. And they paid the ultimate price for it: defeat, humiliation, exile, and in many cases, premature death.

But perhaps, even then, the ends do not justify the means. Or rather, the “ends” are really the “means” projected and amplified into a monstrous and logical conclusion. Even if the Apache chiefs had conscripted every warrior and forced them to fight, even if some of the warriors hadn’t run off and become scouts hunting their own people for the white army, even if they could have held off the U.S. Army for a few more years, they would not have done so as Apaches, or as the people that they always were. Here it would be something akin to, “in order to save the city, we had to destroy it”. Or better, in order to prevent the city from being planted in the land of the Apache, they had to become the city in civilized reasoning. And they knew what that meant: slavery in one form or another. They accepted the consequences of their refusal, even if they had second thoughts about it.

We can apply the lessons here to our own situation. Many “green anarchist” or “green post-leftist” groups like Deep Green Resistance and the like very much have a “militaristic” or “militant” attitude toward “dismantling” or “destroying” civilization. There are even “pro-Unabomber” groups in existence that dream of a “revolution” against “techno-industrial society”. But what if, as Grandfather says above, in their efforts to fight slavery, they are just making more slaves? Is this not the essence of the leftist / revolutionary project: one last “slavery”, one last “martyrdom” that will end all slaveries and martyrdoms? Just one more great big push and we will establish the place where there is neither sorrow, nor sighing, nor anymore pain. Leviathan has dreamed this dream before, a myriad of times now, and people have thrown themselves against

the wheels of Progress in order to make it a reality. They are still dead, and we are nowhere closer to freedom.

Still, there are others, such as John Zerzan, who think that to “give up” defending the world that civilization has wrought is akin to nihilism and despair. “Hope”, so the reasoning goes, would be finding a way to “let everyone off easy”, of avoiding all negative consequences of the end of a way of life that has been nothing but negative consequences for those who have opposed it (such as our Apaches here). The Requiem sung for a world built on the massive graveyard of other dead worlds must be a pastoral and peaceful one, so we are told, lest we succumb to revenge and hatred, lest we sin against the “Enlightenment” values that somehow escaped being fully domesticated, even when everything else is (mirabile visu!)

But what if this urge to save the world, this urge to “overthrow tyranny” no matter what the cost, this itch to “fight for a better world” is just another hamster wheel, another yoke to be put on us, to solve problems that we didn’t create, and to sacrifice ourselves for a better world which we will never see (funny how that works)? What if the genius of domesticated civilization has been to harness our hostility into making it better, commodifying our radicalism, and perpetuating civilized values in self-proclaimed enemies like a virus in an unsuspecting host? Why not just keep our principles, like the defeated Apache did, and let the chips fall where they may? What if we just realize that, as animals, we don’t know what the future will bring, the only resistance that we have is resistance in the now, and the cares of tomorrow will take care of themselves? Indeed, we simply have no power over tomorrow, just as we have no power to resurrect the past. If we did, we wouldn’t be animals, and the revolutionist / leftist / technocrat would be right.

Mexican eco-extremists are embodying these ideas as in the following passage, which I have translated from a recent work of theirs:

We fully realize that we are civilized human beings. We have found ourselves within this system and we use the means that it provides us to express a tendency opposed to it, with all of its contradictions, knowing full well that we have long been contaminated by civilization. But even as the domesticated animals that we are, we still remember our instincts. We have lived more time as a species in caves than in cities. We are not totally alienated, which is why we attack.

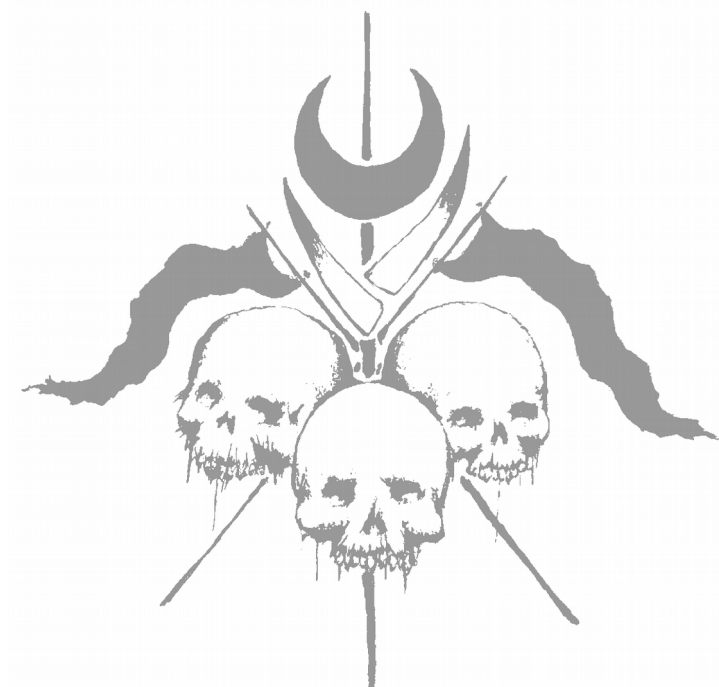
The distinguishing feature of RS [Reacción Salvaje/Wild Reaction] in this conversation is that we say that there is no better tomorrow. There is no changing this world into a more just one. That can never exist within the bounds of the technological system that has encompassed the entire planet. All that we can expect is a decadent tomorrow, gray and turbulent. All that exists is the now, the present.

That's why we are not betting on the "revolution" so hoped for in leftist circles. Even if that seems exaggerated, that's just how it is. Resistance against the technological system must be extremist in the here and now, not waiting for any changes in objective conditions. It should have no "long term goals". It should be carried out right now by individuals who take on the role of warriors under their own direction, accepting their own inconsistencies and contradictions. It should be suicidal. We don't aim to overthrow the system. We don't want followers. What we want is individualist war waged by various factions against the system that domesticates and subjugates us.

Our cry to Wild Nature will always be the same until our own violent extermination: "And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come... and the time when thou shouldest destroy them which destroy the earth." (Revelation 11:17)

Perhaps the only truly free response, the only one that escapes the cycle of domestication, is one that states firmly that this world is not worth saving, that its days are numbered, and the sooner the evil falls, the better. Sometimes damnation in Christian eschatology is not merely a punishment, but it is what is best for the soul saturated in iniquity. This world must fall, and nothing will likely replace it, nothing that we can foresee anyway. The only real praxis, then, is one of rejection and not of rebuilding: one of the heroic animal facing off against the civilized juggernaut of slavery and fear.

- Chahta-Ima



- AN EXTRAMORAL APPROACH TO ARTIFICIALITY-

Social law is a system of rules enforced upon most civilized people at birth. It is a set of rules that governs how one must live to make a society work: don't steal, be a good person, treat others as you yourself want to be treated, we're all equals and if we can just put our differences aside and work together we'll live in a golden utopia. These laws are a mix of the bubbling froth of traditional Judeo Christian doctrine and modern liberal humanism. It is the greatest scam of all time, the master deceit, a system of lies wrapped in a pretty package and called civilization. It's like being fucked by a pig dressed as a nun.

Then there is the natural law, the real law, the primitive nature of man. The part of our brains that developed over thousands of years surviving ice ages, droughts, jungles, deserts, plague and war. It is the lizard brain, the animal brain, the part of ourselves that drives instinct and behavior at the deepest level.

In our ignorance we think we are one level removed from the beasts of the Earth. Anyone who has ever had pets or who has even been out in nature knows that there is a savage law that reigns above all: survival of the fittest, sink or swim, learn to fly or die trying. "Victory or Valhalla."

This is not to say that altruism at some level doesn't exist. Experiments have shown that mice will risk their lives to free their friends from captivity. Bonobos in tribes will share their food with one another. A dog may adopt an orphaned kitten as its own and take care of it.

I'm not saying that kindness doesn't exist in our primitive nature. Yet the rules of civilized society are a farce. Rules written on stone tablets and commanded from "god" were of course meant for the people on the lower rungs of the social ladder – not the rich and the powerful.

If you look at social demographics today, it is the poor who are the most religious and the rich who are the least. The rich will lie, steal and oppress who ever gets in their way – this is called living by the natural law.

The natural law is vicious. She is the mother who harps and criticizes, who points out your greatest insecurities with a laugh and a wicked smile. She is not the lovey dovey Earth mother of flowers, hugs and candy. She is Kali on a rampage, burning down the overgrown forest. She wrathful and jealous Hera, tormenting and destroying those who oppose her. Her compassion is great to those who respect her, but her ire is the death felt a thousand times over in a tsunami.

So we go about in our daily lives, speaking, acting and breathing by the social law – when deep in our subconscious mind – we are living by the natural law. Why does the established man with a wife and a family risk it all for one night of passion with a young and beautiful woman, even when he knows that the repercussions could be loneliness, divorce, and endless alimony payments? Why does the woman “happily married” to a sensible and practical man sacrifice it all to run away with a less civilized beast? Why do the leaders of countries run their people into ruin with endless debt and war in pursuit of wealth – even when they themselves are at risk?

The fools and idiots scratch their heads. Jaws open. Flabbergasted. Standing around like a flock of gaping vaginas. A question mark that lingers in the air like a stagnant stench.

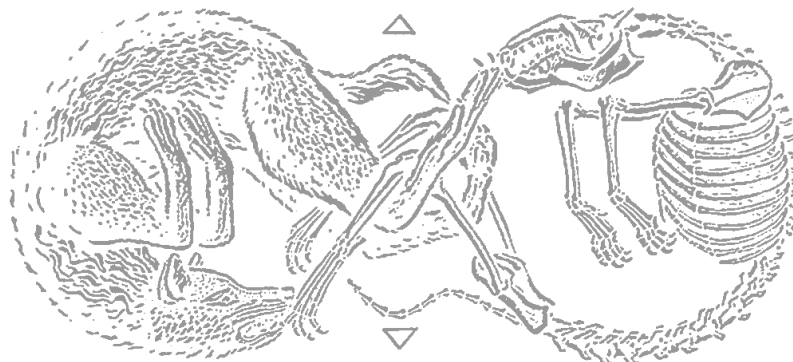
At the beginning of our lives we are placed on a chess board, but told that it is a checker board. Like obedient pawns, we concentrate on advancing one square at a time – only to be shocked and appalled when the rook claims our lives with one clean sweep. How could he do that? That wasn't fair? You can't just go all the way across the board? Sure you can, when you realize what game you're playing.

So wake up. You're in the jungle baby. As apes that's where we started and we never really left. Sure, we may be savvy enough to build little houses and neat little roads and fenced up suburbs in which to divide our fake neat little lives.

But civilization as we know it is only 5,000 years old. Modern industrial society is only 200 years old. The real laws of man were established over the 40,000 years of our existence as beasts, and even the laws of the apes before that have carried over.

Would the human psyche change that quickly? To adapt to the humanitarian, liberal and christian laws of the land? Maybe when you chop off the genitals and lobotomize the mind. Why do you think antidepressants are so prevalent in today's society? Why do you think people have to go to expensive therapies for their limp marriages and sex lives?

So wake up from the delusion. Everything you have been told is a lie. Realize what game you're playing and play it right. There are no equals. Only winners and losers. Are you the wolf or its prey?



- WHAT DO WE MEAN WHEN WE SAY, “NATURE”? -

One of the red herrings that has come up of late among critics of eco-extremism is the idea that we worship a false idea of “Nature”. In their eyes, we are positing something vague, perhaps using wishful thinking, and trying to fit the round peg of reality into the square hole of our concepts. I am not here to give THE definition of what every eco-extremist means by “nature” or “Wild Nature”. I will only give my own idea of it. Again, anyone else is free to speak up, as I acknowledge that this is a difficult topic to address. At least if someone is stuck trying to define what they know to be the deepest being of themselves and the world, perhaps they can refer to this and find something useful. With that in mind:

A “natural” object in modern parlance usually indicates a thing that exists solely for itself. It is, simply put, and does not need any further purpose added onto it. If an archaeologist, for example, is hiking through a forest, he may see hundreds of trees and thousands of plants, but none of these interest him. If he sees a large stone with engravings on it, however, he will definitely pause and study it. While the forest may actually be the remnants of a forest garden or the product of thousands of years of cultivation or slash and burn horticulture, the archaeologist has no means of knowing this. But he like even the amateur knows what is “natural” and what isn’t, what is directly made by the hand of man and what is not.

Similarly, in our own lives, if we see a remote control in a room that we have never been in before, we ask what machine it might control: what is it for? If we see a potted plant, no such question arises. If we are in our backyard and we spot a deer or raccoon, we don’t ask, “But what is it for?” We can, but being undomesticated, it’s not as if they will reform their purpose according to the ideas that we have of them. Nature, the wild, wilderness, the animal etc. is for itself.

Thus, when we meet a person, we will usually ask the question, “So, what do you do?” Being domesticated, we are like cattle in that our own existence is predicated on what we do for others and not for ourselves. I am not an accountant for myself; it’s not inherently part of my nature. Crunching numbers or reading up on tax code does me no direct benefit, it’s not something I would naturally do with little prompting and meager effort. The same is the case of a building: many people (if not most) can perhaps get a sense of awe from looking at an impressive building, and they may even mistake it for a *mysterium tremendum et fascinans*.

However, the reason why many like to stare at a forest or be surrounded by greenery is perhaps because they want to be reminded that there are things that exist for themselves and not for others. The same is true with children, as children, at least while very young, are not “useful”.

Then there is the idea of “play”. Children are defined by their love of play: activity that has no benefit other than the joy of doing it. Some say hunter-gatherers’ activity deeply resembles play, in that the division of labor is only a matter of degree. Grown men hunt, and small boys imitate hunting, then they catch smaller game. And of course girls imitate and participate in gathering and other activities of manufacture. All the same, the benefits of any activity are usually immediate and obvious.

Of course, there are those who are frustrated by both children and nature, but this is mainly because they will not abide by the designs that people have preconceived for things in their heads. I can only say that, for me, being in nature is transformative since I get to be with things that need no other purpose than themselves. They just are. Some would say that all human experience is mediated through human cognition and agency, but in saying this in the context of modern people, they are missing a crucial distinction. “Wilderness” as an untouched and untouchable space of greenery is perhaps a recent concept. Even “primitive” hunter-gatherers manipulated and “harvested” from their environments in very complex ways. They would have walked through a forest or other landscape and would not have seen merely a scene of admiration or meditation, like a painting, but a lively “factory” that made the means by which they lived, with their “help”, though they may have not perceived it that way. On the other hand, it is not accurate to state that modern people do the exact same thing when they clear-cut a forest, blow up a mountain looking for coal, or dump industrial waste in a river.

Here I will diverge from the received ideas of “anti-civilization” or anarcho-primitivist discourse and state that this is not a matter of living “in harmony” with or being subject to wildness, whatever that means. It is not an innate software program that we either follow to the letter or don’t, to our own peril. The issue, as I have stated previously, is one of scale and capability. If “primitive” peoples could have created plastic or bulldozers or chainsaws, they may have done so, though the results may not have been the same as the ones we see today. Our modern world is not a teleological inevitability. It may cater to certain desires of that elusive thing called, “human nature”, but people lived tens of thousands of years, perhaps longer, without any of our gadgets or systems of governance. Comparatively speaking, domestication, agriculture, urban life, etc. are a sort of “black swan” that has been wildly successful (pun intended) at conquering all that is alien to them, but that doesn’t mean that it could not have been otherwise. In most places and circumstances with homo sapiens, it hasn’t. Civilization has the pretense of having mastered time in the abstract, but in the concrete, it has only existed for a minuscule amount of time, and that time may be running out.

Thus, nature. We think that because we manipulate nature, we “create” and “define” it. That presumes that we can wrap our head around it and do with it as we will. Those who oppose a hard line between nature and human cognition of matter often don’t oppose it

when it comes to the line between the human mind and the objects that it contemplates and seeks to alter. In that, human cognition / consciousness is sovereign, masculine, special, and near godly. The human mind is thus “of another order”, and thus the strict line between nature and mind is maintained. Indeed, when the mind looks at nature, all it is really doing is looking at itself looking at... something. It knows not what, nor can it ever. All things are for it, even the things that it can’t control, even the things it cannot possibly perceive (?)

So in my own idea of nature, I have found that I am making a smaller leap of faith to posit that, yes indeed, there is something out there, beyond me, beyond my perception or cognition. I am not a closed system or a self-sustaining one: I am not the origin of existence. Otherwise, what would be the result of positing the potential omniscience of human thought; the absolute mediation of human cognition in everything; the idea that all things are for us, and we are ultimately all things? For me, that smacks too much of a God complex, as in the monotheistic sky god carried on by other means, whether we call it science, or philosophy, or solipsism, or the Future, or whatever. These all perform the same function. Nature exists because the human mind is weak and limited. It is mortal, it is made of flesh, and ultimately this is its limit, even if we can’t see it. It’s playing a game with the rest of existence, and it will lose. The existence of nature is the limit of thought. It is the fact that all things are not for us, our thoughts do not make things: the things are there for the taking, and would be there without our intervention. In other words, we are not gods, we are not spirits, precisely because those things don’t exist as we have come to understand them. Our thought does not and cannot comprehend everything, which is why it is so miserably unreliable.

There are things that exist purely for themselves. A child knows this. A simpleton may even know it. It takes the “wise” of the “World” (a Biblical term) to deny it. There are things in this world that we will never dominate. We may be able to land our technological garbage on the moon, yet we cannot feed every child who is hungry, or prevent our shuddering before the shadow of death. This is why humanity will be supplanted, and nature will abide.

Eco-extremism is, in my opinion, the trust in the order that nature itself has wrought, along with the “weak” human societies that have been formed by it. To “trust” in nature is not a leap of faith, on the contrary. Civilization is a cult that demands faith, it demands one’s obedience to the idea that the “common good” is the highest good of all. It is an act of faith to believe that sacrificing yourself and the wild nature of today will somehow have benefits for all tomorrow. We prefer the good right in front of us, in the trees, the rivers, the oceans, the blue sky, the mountains, and our own undomesticated desires; and not a concocted “good” of civilization that seeks the slavery and destruction of all things for itself. We detest that, we attack it, and we give it no

quarter. When we mention, “Wild Nature,” we are not being vague: we are referring to something right in front of your nose. That you do not see it is your problem, not ours.

- Chahta-Ima



- PRIMITIVISM WITHOUT CATASTROPHE -

Every good idea needs a selling point. The selling point of the all-encompassing ideology that can go by any name from “anarcho-primitivism” to “anti-civilization thinking” is that modern techno-industrial civilization is destroying the human race, and if we want to stop this destruction, we have to destroy civilization. It’s a matter of self-preservation. We must renounce technology, science, modern medicine, etc. in order to save ourselves. How do we know this? Well, technology, science, modern medicine, etc. tell us so. I am likely not the first one who has noticed the inconsistency in this perspective, but perhaps I am one of the first to say something about it.

“Anti-civilization thought” (for lack of a better term) has a “knowledge problem.” That is, it seeks to criticize the totality from the view of the totality. It seeks to dismantle the tools that have built everything that it despises using the same tools. This culminates in the idea of “catastrophe”: the cathartic collapse of its enemy and a chance for the restoration of a just order. For someone with a hammer, everything appears to be a nail, and for someone with an apocalyptic narrative, everything leads to the end of the world. Indeed, some could say that catastrophe is to the primitivist what the Resurrection of Jesus was to St. Paul: the sine qua non outside of which the message cannot not exist. If humanity is not damned via technology, if all life on earth is not endangered by the upstart selfish ape from Africa, then what are we doing here? We might as well just go home and enjoy the flat screen TVs and air conditioning.

Things of course aren’t really that simple. But the first question should be, “Are we doomed?” A few books have come out recently that seek to answer the question in the negative, even though they take the Cassandra-like science of climate change and resource depletion very seriously. Ronald Bailey’s *The End of Doom: Environmental Renewal in the Twenty-first Century* is one of the stronger contributions to this eco-modernist genre. Though we will not have the time to review it all here, we can at least go over the strongest point in his book (at least from my perspective): the analysis of the ecological idea that “doing nothing” is better than “doing something.”

This concept is undoubtedly a trope in environmentalist discourse. Nature has been doing any given thing for millions of years, and thus, so the story goes, nature knows best. Bailey calls this, “the precautionary principle,” best formulated by the phrase after which he names his third chapter, “Never Try Anything the First Time.” Anything new is guilty until proven innocent, the burden of proof lies with the novel thing to demonstrate beyond a reasonable doubt that it won’t create more problems than it is trying to solve. It becomes evident that those who cling to the precautionary principle are paralyzed from performing any action because they don’t have complete metaphysical certainty concerning how a technological development will pan out. (Think here, for example, of genetically modified foods and the fierce debate around them.) Those who suffer

because of this hesitation, Bailey argues, do not have the luxury of doubt: they need the cancer drug, cheap food, and other benefits that technological advancement can provide. As Bailey states:

Unfortunately, the precautionary principle sounds sensible to many people, especially those who live in societies already replete with technology. These people have their centrally heated house in the woods; they already enjoy the freedom from want, disease, and ignorance that technology can provide. They may think they can afford the luxury of ultimate precaution. But there are billions of people who still yearn to have their lives transformed. For them, the precautionary principle is a warrant for continued poverty, not safety. (93-94)

So here a knowledge problem is turned around and then turned around again. The anti-civilization neo-Luddite thinker has studied enough concerning techno-industrial society to know that it is a lost cause. He knows this through use of the tools that techno-industrial society has given him. He knows that there are no technological fixes for the quagmire that modern society has created. Yet, the eco-modernist like Bailey then turns the tables around and shows how this pessimism is based on an optimistic view of human knowledge supported by a technological infrastructure that enables study and reflection. If we don't really know, and know that we don't really know, aren't we under obligation to try? Isn't such ignorance an opportunity and not a roadblock? Is this not what the Enlightenment and the Scientific Revolution were all about?

In much of the rest of the book, Bailey shows time and again, on issues ranging from population to peak oil, to the supposed spread of cancer due to use of industrial products, that the Cassandras have been wrong, and very wrong, up to this point. Bailey concludes from this that homo sapiens is a crafty and cunning animal, able to pull victory out of the jaws of defeat time and again. Bailey has little doubt we will continue to do so, even if he concedes that some things, such as climate change, do appear to be real problems facing the entire human race.

Ironically, accepting Bailey's premises might be the most "primitivist" position of all. If we are ultimately animals who are helpless to save ourselves unless we get rid of the instruments of our own seemingly absolute power, how is it that we can totally damn ourselves to non-existence? Or rather, if we are too dumb to save ourselves, we may be too dumb to kill ourselves off. There is of course the principle of entropy, and the intuition that it is easier to break something than it is to fix it. But that analogy doesn't really hold here, as we are talking about billions of individual animals all over the globe who have proven themselves to be resilient to the point of crowding everything else out.

So which one is it then? Are we saved or are we damned? Is catastrophe an inescapable reality or a masochistic wish? The long and the short of it is: we don't know. And those

who pretend to know are perhaps clinging to an odd bulwark of certainty indamnation or optimism wherein Nassim Nicholas Taleb's black swans never occur. The future cannot be totally bleak, nor can we rest assured that disaster won't happen just because it hasn't happened yet. All that we have is the present. So we return to the title: Can there be a primitivism without catastrophe? What if this society can work things out just fine? Do we all get to go home then? Do we give this techno-industrial capitalist order a pass, and at least acknowledge that, if we can't be in the society that we want, we should love the society that we are in? After all, we're all humans, we all share the same souls and bodies, the same intellect and feelings. We might as well work to save everyone, and who cares how we do it? Dreams of going back to an idealized hunter-gatherer simpler life become less appealing by the day. Into this impasse, we add the thoughts from a recent interview with members of the Mexican eco-extremist tendency:

The main difference between what Kaczynski and his acolytes propose and our own position is rather simple: we don't wait for a "Great World Crisis" to start attacking the physical and moral structures of the techno-industrial system. We attack now because the future is uncertain. You can't create a strategy based on assumptions, thinking that all will go according to plan and with assured victory. We stopped believing in that once we grasped the enormity of the system itself, its components and its vast reach on this planet and even outside of it. If civilization collapses tomorrow, or within 30 to 50 years, we'll know that we waged a necessary war against it from our own individuality... We don't know if there will be a global collapse of the system one day. The experts say that there will be, but we cannot know for certain. It could be the case and nature will rise from the ruins. But it could be that the system is always one step ahead of things, and could become self-sufficient and repair itself with ease. As we said, we don't know the future. We would like to, but the reality is otherwise.

With the eco-extremists, then, we can find our way out of the flawed position of "a better future by returning to the past." Here, we would say that the future is our enemy. Every single proposed way out, whether it be from Bailey's libertarian assurances or leftist techno-progressive schemes, is something that we refuse right out of the gate. We don't want to cooperate, we reject saving the world. We refuse to offer up our lives or the lives of others for a better tomorrow. This is always promised, but it never arrives. And here, the knowledge problem enters again: it never arrives because no one can possibly deliver it. Things only "get better all of the time" because we have domesticated ourselves into thinking that the carrot is the goal and that we are getting closer, and the stick isn't really there even when it strikes us right on the nose. Such is the essence of civilization, the foggy mythical past, and the constantly-deferred future.

Catastrophe is the catharsis that ends the cycle of suffering. But like the Buddhist version, it is also elusive and never happens in this life. Indeed, the real problem with "anti-civilization thought," especially in its anarcho-primitivist form, is that it does not

know what it wants, because what it wants is shaped by what it hates. It does not even know nature, really, because it refuses to acknowledge that humans cannot know it with any certainty, and thus constructs nature as an idol embodying all of its ambivalent desires. The idea of defending nature itself makes one aware that our knowledge of nature, especially the peculiarly North American concept of “pristine nature” is ill-founded. David George Haskell describes the plight of forest vegetation in the face of the recent resurgence of the deer population in his book, *The Forest Unseen: A Year’s Watch in Nature*:

Humans have eliminated some predators but have lately added three new deer-slaying creatures: domestic dogs, immigrant coyotes invading from the west, and automobile fenders. The first two are effective predators of fawns; the latter is the main suburban killer of adults. We face an impossible equation. On the one hand, we have the loss of tens of species of herbivores; on the other we have the replacement of one predator by another. What level of browse is normal, acceptable, or natural in our forests? These are challenging questions, but it is certain that the lush forest vegetation that grew in the twentieth century was unusually underbrowsed.

A forest without large herbivores is an orchestra without violins. We have grown accustomed to incomplete symphonies, and we balk when the violins’ incessant tones return and push against more familiar instruments. This backlash against the herbivores’ return has no good historical foundation. We may need to take a longer view, listen to the whole symphony, and celebrate the partnership between animal and microbe that has been tearing at saplings for millions of years. Good-bye shrubbery; hello ticks. Welcome back to the Pleistocene. (33-34)

So we must face the fact that there may be no “catastrophe,” and if there is, it won’t have the purifying effect that we expect. The definition of modern capitalism is crisis, and the good businessman makes crisis into an opportunity. Does that mean we don’t fight? That we lay down our arms defeated by quietism and agnosticism? Not necessarily, but it does mean we should define better why we oppose the present society even if it has the potential to last a million years, and even if it does, in some respects, make our lives “better.” Or at the very least, we should define why we oppose it, and why we do not think that it can follow through with any of its promises to bring all human animals out of misery.

First, let us start with nature. We cannot oppose catastrophe as a concept without nuance precisely because nature is a catastrophe, long-term. This is because nature is change, it is change that dwarfs human experience even at its most scientific and abstract. Modern humans have the pervasive problem of conceiving of their ideas as being consubstantial with reality, often when they have no reason to do so. They master incomprehensible things like time, space, matter, light, etc. in the abstract and thus think

there is nothing more to them in the concrete, though they haven't left the comfort of their chair or their space in front of the blackboard. Nature is catastrophe because nature disrupts, it breaks apart, it destroys all and births again: from the most distant stars to the cells of our body. Anti-civilization adherents have a hard time accepting that in the concrete, though they may mouth platitudes about it in the abstract. To that one can only say, "Physician, heal thyself!"

What is nature in relation to us, then? How do we get around the idea, often repeated by critics, that primitivists "reify nature." Here, I will offer a crypto-Hegelian trope. Many "primitivists" (again, for lack of a better term) think of nature as being outside of us, and that it offers us our existence as a passive gift, and the real problem is that we have forgotten the freely-given aspect of this gift (recall here the Christian concept of grace). Just as man cannot earn salvation from Calvin's God, so man is impotent to create his means of life without the assent of nature. Of course, this is an absurd formulation. Nature, or if we want to use James Lovelock's much-maligned term, Gaia, is the product of billions of living things throughout the eons working together and sustaining each other: it is the act of living things. They are both formed by it and form it, in an elaborate mesh going from the smallest microorganism to vast complex ecosystems to the biosphere itself. We must keep that in mind whenever we look at "pristine nature." As Haskell says elsewhere in his book cited above, nature is not a meditation room, and it is no Eden where fruit is picked effortlessly off the tree. There is struggle and strife, just as there is cooperation and mercy. The fact that it has persisted this long is evidence of that.

The sin of domesticated man is not resisting his passive human nature, as some primitivists would imply. It's thinking that he is independent of nature itself, that he can go it alone, that he can firmly master it and leave nothing to the blissful shade of mystery. This is modern domesticated man, cut-off, ruthless, and self-absorbed. It is not what he does, but what he does too well, or so he thinks, that is the problem. That is why there is no "solution." There is no human abstraction that absorbs the whole problem and makes it digestible. The world where there are solutions is a world that shouldn't exist, or rather, the world that creates problems in the first place. Catastrophe as modern man understands it (final, devastating, purifying) is the necessary myth hanging over Utopia like the sword of Damocles. Some of us prefer falling swords to imaginary paradise.

The eco-extremist solution is thus brutal and pessimistic. There is no future, there is no new community. There is no "hope." We state that not with Gothic glee, but with relief, like having a burden taken off of our shoulders. Human beings are meant to miss the mark, we are meant to fail more than we succeed. But in that, we form a part of a whole, we leave others behind us to win and lose, and to fight another day. Our ambition has no end, because it never achieves victory. And we look at past extinct societies that

accepted their limitations (or so we think, for we cannot possibly know) with admiration; an admiration that knows that, if they weren't "perfect," it's because there is something wrong with our domesticated expectations, and nothing truly wrong with them. All we can expect is to fight back and burn out in this existence where the part pretends that it can swallow the whole. And that is indeed what primitivism without catastrophe, without a closed narrative, without a "happy ending," looks like: the contentment of the eye and all of the other senses in the face of what we know to be nature, even if we don't understand it, even if it seems mutilated and incomprehensible in the here and now. It is not something that we make (though we have a part in it) nor is it something we control (though we try our best). But mixed in the heart and the mind of man, it is truly something marvelous to behold: this whole, the vast field of stars, the song of the bird, the slithering slug, the new day, decay, death, life... or to end with the greater poetic voice of Robinson Jeffers:

*To know that great civilizations have broken down into violence,
and their tyrants come, many times before.*

*When open violence appears, to avoid it with honor or choose
the least ugly faction; these evils are essential.*

*To keep one's own integrity, be merciful and uncorrupted
and not wish for evil; and not be duped*

*By dreams of universal justice or happiness. These dreams will
not be fulfilled.*

*To know this, and know that however ugly the parts appear
the whole remains beautiful. A severed hand*

*Is an ugly thing and man dissevered from the earth and stars
and his history... for contemplation or in fact...Often appears atrociously ugly.*

*Integrity is wholeness,
the greatest beauty is*

*Organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty
of the universe. Love that, not man*

*Apart from that, or else you will share man's pitiful confusions,
or drown in despair when his days darken.*

- Abe Cabrera



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